Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince, How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis?*

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeeres, and as much as to ——

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeeres: berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou bee ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the Bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Francis. Let mee ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall bee.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, 'twas but a penny worth, waſt not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* or *Francis*, on Thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth-tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſullie. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

Here they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and heareſt looke to the Gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir a dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I let them in

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open

Poines. Anon, anon ſir. *E*

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Thee doore, ſhall wee bee merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but ha cunning match haue you made with this ieſt o come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhew humors, ſince the old daies of good man *Adam*, t of this preſent Twelue a clocke at midnight. W *Francis*?

Francis. Anon, anon ſir.

Prince. That euer this fellow ſhould haue few a Parrat, and yet the ſon of a Woman. His induſt and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell o am not yet of *Percys* minde, the *Hotſpur* of th kils me ſome 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſ hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this qu work, O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhee! how man to day? Giue my Roan horſe a drench (ſayes h ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I *Falſtaffe*, ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd *Bra* Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, ſaies the drunka call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou been?

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a mary and Amen: giue me a cup of ſacke, Boy. life long, ile ſow netherſtocks, and mend then too. A plague of all cowards, Giue me a cup o there no vertue extant?

Prince, Didſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh full hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet tal thou didſt, then behold that compound.